

I Just Can't Wait for Love (to Destroy Us) by theproblematicgay

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Summary:

God, he hadn't meant to. He hadn't meant to hit him. Christ. Steve's looking at him like he'd grown a second head, like he'd confessed his love for Satan, like- like Billy had yelled in his face and hit him, *hurt him*. Because he had.

He's looking at him like how Billy looks at his father.

When had he become this person? When had he become *Hargrove* again? To *Steve* of all people. Steve, who Billy was supposed to love like he'd said he did; who Billy had stayed in bed beside last night, realising belatedly how much he needed him to stay until he could live without him again. Steve, who had become so much more than *Harrington* whilst Billy had simply stayed the same.

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Author's Note:

'I need this hole gone. It's funny you're the broken one but I'm the only one who needed saving, 'cause when you never see the light it's hard to know which one of us is caving.' – *Stay*

(AKA, the *perfect* song for this)

Title is from The Neighbourhood's song '*Flawless*'
(the *other* perfect song for this)

Also, I listened to *Drunk in Love* by The Weeknd on repeat when I wrote most of this. Idk why.

And yeah, disclaimer or whatever, I don't own shit – obviously. Also, I have a tumblr now so check that out if you want. Same name and all, so.

BTW: tough-girl-freed on tumblr made some *amazing* art for this fic and I honestly can't get over it. Go look at it. Go like it. Retblog. Send her love. Whatever.

I would put a link to it here but I've spent 20 minutes trying to figure out how to do that and I don't think it's gonna happen any time soon so.

It had been too good to last.

Steve had dropped him off after staying the night, eager for company and expensive alcohol that Billy knew he had to have somewhere. He'd been right, of course. They'd gotten ridiculously drunk and Billy vividly remembers not telling him to stop when Steve had started to

suck little bruises into his throat. Now, he wishes that he had.

Harrington had driven off quickly after noticing Neil on the porch, cigarette in hand and looking as if he were waiting for something. The look on his face told Billy enough of what to expect. He couldn't move, feet rooted to the concrete on the drive that led up to the front steps.

He closed his eyes briefly with a deep breath, listening to the sound of Steve's car disappearing around the corner until he couldn't hear it anymore.

~

Steve held up the bottle of whiskey like he would a trophy as he withdrew from inside the cupboard in his father's office. "Found it," he smiled, looking all too proud for Billy not to laugh.

"Yeah, come on, Harrington." Billy snatched it from his hand, eagerly twisting off the cap. After a long pull, savouring the burn in his throat, he passes the bottle to Steve.

Steve winces as he takes a somewhat hesitant sip. "You wanna see the pool?"

It's just starting to get dark out and the lights from inside the house are a beacon, casting the water in a soft yellowing glow. They're both already a little drunk by the time they've abandoned their socks and rolled up their jeans. Feet dipped in the water, Billy knocks Harrington with his shoulder.

"Must be nice to be rich, huh?" He grins but he can feel how there's a malicious edge to it.

Steve just shrugs, looking down at the water, kicking his legs up. "Don't know any diff'rent, I guess."

Billy watches him stare at their reflections for a minute, watches the expression on his face turn sour. He rolls his eyes toward the sky and

snatches the bottle back from Harrington before pushing him into the pool. He surfaces with a gasp, arms flailing in shock, white t-shirt sticking closely to his skin as his hair hangs wetly against his forehead. As he gets his bearings he struggles to keep his head above the water, glaring at Billy.

“Asshole,” he splutters, looking like a half-drowned puppy. Billy shrugs off his leather jacket, shaking his head with a smirk as he sets the whiskey on the poolside. “What’re you doing?”

He shuffles out of his jeans before diving headfirst into the water after Steve. He pushes at Harrington, strings of hair clinging to his face and shoulders. “Gotta make sure you don’t drown on my watch, pretty boy. Do that on your own time.”

“Shut up. You’re more likely to drown me than anything else,” he shoots back with a drunk lopsided smile. “Come on, I’m cold.” He clambers out of the pool, lurching sideways before stumbling through the sliding glass door.

Billy trails after him, shucking off his shirt and leaving it outside before grabbing the bottle. His bare feet slap against the linoleum of the Harrington’s kitchen as he follows the wet footprints that Steve has left behind. Steve returns, still dripping, with two towels in hand. He pauses at the sight of Billy standing in his kitchen, probably looking a little lost. His eyes wander and follow droplets of water Billy feels slip down his stomach, along his thigh.

He raises an eyebrow, amused. “You see something you like, Harrington?” He takes a step forward, reaching for a towel, but hesitates when Steve flinches a little and flips him off.

He sits himself on the counter as Steve strips off his own shirt and jeans after fishing out a few ruined dollars from his pocket with a sigh. “So where’s Mrs. Harrington, huh?” He smirks, a wicked glint in his eyes as he laughs when Steve pulls a face.

“New York,” he shrugs, trying too hard to come across as nonchalant. “Should be home in a week, I think.”

Billy nods, unsure of what he’s supposed to say or what he can do to get them back to where they had been just a minute ago. “How about we

finish that bottle?"

Harrington swipes it from where Billy had set it on the counter beside him and winces again after a long pull. "To shitty fucking parents, right?" Billy stiffens.

He knows it shows on his face how he's just yanked up every wall he's ever built. He glances down and sees the mottled skin that he'd forgotten about, the bruises that aren't pretty or tough. He raises an eyebrow at Harrington who hasn't even noticed the change in atmosphere that's choking Billy like a hand around his throat. He's just staring blankly at the wall over Billy's shoulder.

He nods, lips tight, snatching the whiskey back as Steve grins absently at him.

"Damn right."

~

Neil lights the cigarette held between his fingers, sucking in a sharp breath. He doesn't look at Billy when he speaks. "You didn't come home last night."

Billy just watches him from the steps. His neck starts to hurt from looking up after a minute passes in silence.

"Who was that?" Neil's eyes flick over to where he's stood, piercing. "A friend from school?"

He nods jerkily. "Yeah. Yeah." He glances at the door but before he can take a step Neil's moved, a wall between the door and Billy. His eyes dart to the panels under his feet.

Neil steps forward, and Billy really doesn't mean to, but he cowers.

"What," he starts, slow and menacing, "You scared or somethin'?" There are alarms ringing in Billy's ears despite the blood he can hear

rushing in them and he doesn't know what else to do other than shake his head so stiffly that it must be the most unconvincing thing Billy's ever done.

He steels himself, raising his head and jutting out his chin. He falters for half a second when Neil is a Hell of a lot closer than he thought he was, but he doesn't step back, doesn't hesitate this time. "*Not of you.*"

Only, that begs the question: what is he afraid of? A few things come to mind almost instantly. Among the first is the image of his father reaching for his belt, the one he used to leave on the kitchen table every night back in California, a reminder that he shouldn't be giving his dad any reasons to use it. He has to shove back down the memory of holding his head in his hands to block out the sound of his mom yelling from the other room while he had just sat and cried by his door. He has to remind himself that he's not a child anymore, his mom's gone and crying about shit isn't gonna bring her back or stop his dad from doing whatever the fuck he thinks is necessary.

Harrington is almost an afterthought. He imagines the curve of his jaw, the way his eyelashes seem to catch the light if he turns his head just right, how his hands are soft and capable – so unlike any of the girls' he's ever known, and different from any other guy. It's belated, but he thinks of Harrington applying for those colleges he was talking about to Tommy just last week. It hadn't struck him back then that that meant *leaving*.

So before Neil can really ask, he knows what he's afraid of. Clear as day. He's just a little afraid of Harrington. Not in the same way he might've made him feel back in December (God, the fucker couldn't fight for shit) but different, again. Harrington makes him feel like the rug can just get pulled out from under his feet at any moment; something like anticipation and dread and acceptance all rolled into one.

He's more afraid of Harrington leaving though. Because what else is left for Billy in Hawkins, in every fucking town and city and state in America, if Steve isn't there?

It's terrifying, reliance, but there's no point fucking crying or sticking around to wait for shit to get better on its own because he knows it

can't work like that. Because if Billy *needs* Steve, like he knows Steve doesn't need him, then he can't just roll over and whine about it. It's better to just rip the band aid off.

Standing on Harrington's doorstep has become a habit of Billy's. Knocking on his door is the easiest thing he's ever done. Billy's found himself automatically heading for Harrington's on more than one occasion, something he doesn't even need to think about doing anymore, as if it's been wired into him.

He can feel where he's bleeding, where the bruises are swelling underneath the skin, how there's something vicious in his eyes, cold. "What happened now?" Steve sounds concerned. Billy's eyes harden, jaw set.

He steps forward, menacing. "Are you afraid?"

"What? Billy," Steve blanches.

"Just say it." Steve simply stays silent though, eyes downcast to avoid Billy's glare – like he is *afraid* – and fuck, if that doesn't just make the blood rushing through him boil until he's almost snapping his teeth. "Fucking *say it*, Harrington." After the next few moments are spent in silence, seething, he grips Steve by the collar and gets right up in his face, footsteps heavy as he stalks forward and repeats with a sneer, "*Are you afraid?*"

He marches them further into the house, shoving Harrington into the hallway and kicking the door shut behind him. The lights are on even though it isn't really dark yet, but when Billy slams his fist into the switch in the sudden overwhelming urge to make Harrington feel *stupid* and *childish*, the darkness that falls over them is thick and heavy. He can only see Harrington's face because of the scarce light trickling in through the window and what seeps from underneath the closed kitchen door.

Steve's hands come up to rest over Billy's where they're fisted in the material of his pullover, not trying to tear them away, just touching, a reminder of how he's known Steve's hands to be before.

“Not of you.” He speaks softly, pacifying.

It happens before Billy can even think about what he wants to say in response to that. One minute, he’s holding Steve there against him, the gentle touches grounding him somewhat amidst all the chaos. The next, Steve is at his feet, a hand cupping his cheek where the skin is immediately turning a harsh pink. His eyes are wide and brown, a parody of how they’d been just that morning.

Billy steps back a little and he feels his eyes widen, how the blood drains from his face as he looks at Harrington looking at him. He grits his teeth through the sick feeling settling like lead in his stomach.

“What about now?” He spits, but it’s half-hearted.

Harrington just glares. “Fuck you.”

When he doesn’t try to get up, Billy grabs him by his collar. “Fucking hit me back.” Billy yells as their noses brush, faces almost pressed together in the mockery of a kiss. His voice still cracks and wanes despite it though.

“Why? What would that do?” The anger in Steve’s expression is sudden and his voice is laced with the venom that Billy knows he’s been swallowing for weeks now. “That’s not gonna get us anywhere, ‘cause what would that do other than hurt you?”

“Maybe I want you to.” And there it is. It’s in the way he practically snarls in Harrington’s face, the way his presence demands attention, a tumultuous storm. He’s falling back into that familiar old role; it feels as easy as slipping on his favourite jacket; the leather worn; familiar. “Fucking hit me back,” he repeats, practically snarling, knocking Harrington with his knee as he lets go of his shirt, trying to provoke him.

Harrington looks scared for a brief moment before he can visibly steel himself, set his jaw where he’s still sitting on the floor. “I’m not fucking hitting you,” he yells back, incredulous, like hitting Billy is the most absurd idea he’s ever heard.

“What are you? A coward?” He digs his foot into Harrington’s side this time, moving him a few inches across the floor. “Are you a coward, Harrington? Or just a faggot?”

Steve doesn’t answer, just stares off to the side, hands clenched where they rest on his thighs.

Billy shrugs, curls his hand into a loose fist.

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Steve’s still grinning, though his head’s propped against his shoulder like he’s comfortable with Billy being so close, content with his breath brushing the bare expanse of skin, the smattering of freckles between his shoulder blades. He’s stood between his legs, sharp hipbones pressing into Billy’s inner thighs. Cold hands press against his sides and he jumps a little, hissing.

“Fucking Hell, Harrington,” he almost yelps, gripping his hands in his and holding them in front of his chest. Steve just stays where he is, watching Billy until he’s yanked forward by the arms.

Steve laughs, pressing his face into the wet crease of his neck; they’re both still dripping. “You’re warm,” he mumbles contentedly.

The hands continue to brush up and down his sides in soothing motions, slow, languid. They sweep across his back, fingers tracing along every vertebrae of his spine, lurching against the skin when Billy catches his lip between his teeth and bites down hard. Steve lets out a conflicted groan, pulling away, allowing Billy to lean forward and scrape his teeth along the tendon of his neck instead, licking a stripe from his jaw to the hollow of his throat when he throws his head back with a guttural moan that’s ripped from him. He can’t help chuckling into his neck at the sound.

“Virgins,” he says with a shake of his head, rolling his eyes, waiting for the vehement protest.

Steve doesn’t disappoint; his eyebrows furrow as his mouth curls into a

grimace. "M'not a fucking virgin, Hargrove." At that, Billy jumps down from the counter and presses Steve against it in a swift motion, waving his hand for Steve to jump up instead.

He leans forward and rakes a hand up Steve's back once he's settled on the countertop, dragging his tongue along his neck until he reaches the hollow of his throat, runs his teeth along the skin. Steve shudders bodily. He closes his lips around his nipple, laving his tongue around the pink nub before biting gently. When he lets go at Steve's whine, light catches the slick skin.

Billy places a firm hand on Steve's chest, shoves him back roughly until he's laid flat on the counter, legs splayed open invitingly enough where Billy still stands between them. The back of his head knocks against the granite top and he hisses at that a little but doesn't fight him. Billy runs his hands down the length of him, palms spanning his sides and feeling the breath run through him beneath his ribs, the steady tapping of his heart. He slows when they reach his navel, just above the waistband of his boxers. He hooks his fingers into the elastic and tugs them down eagerly, tossing them aside where they land wetly on the linoleum.

"I hate to break it to you, pretty boy," he smirks, "but you're a virgin here." He runs his fingers between Steve's legs, stops at the soft pink pucker, presses a fingertip against it.

Steve jerks bodily on the countertop, hips bucking upward, deliberately dislodging Billy's hand until he can still him with a firm grip on his thigh. He drags his mouth along his abdomen, going for calm as he draws his fingers back. The thumb of the hand holding Steve's thigh makes soothing little circles into the skin there. Steve reluctantly relaxes. When Billy draws the same little circles around his opening, he slowly relaxes there too. He glances up at Steve's face and almost laughs, has to stop himself before it escapes him. Steve's face is the epitome of what-the-fuck-have-I-gotten-myself-into?, eyes comically wide and lips pressed together in a tense line. He looks hesitant as Hell, doe eyes darting to the side, anywhere but Billy's gaze, so he leans down and starts sucking little bruises into the taut skin over his hipbone, feeling Steve's thigh tense rhythmically beneath the hand he's using to keep him still.

His tongue swipes over the mottled skin whilst his fingernails rake pink marks down the milky-pale canvas that is Steve's stomach before he bites

there too, just beneath his navel. His cock sits heavy against his lower abdomen, flushed and swollen for all the attention it wants and isn't getting. So Billy relents, relishing in the choked cry that Steve gasps through when he flicks his tongue gently across the head. That, if anything gets Steve to really relax, slumping against the counter and just giving himself over to Billy entirely. When he laughs through his nose, his breath brushes across Steve's inner thigh, he can tell by the goosebumps that rise up along the skin, how he inhales sharply.

He pulls back, slow and reluctant. "Come on." He smacks his palm across Steve's thigh, leaving a pink handprint.

Steve sits up a little dazedly, unsteady. "Huh?"

"I'm not fucking you on your kitchen counter," he half-laughs, half-growls, cock aching in his boxers. He strips them off and watches as Steve stares, licks his lower lip absently.

"What- what makes you think," a languid blink, "that you're fucking me at all?" He sort of mumbles when he speaks, like his tongue is too heavy in his mouth. His eyes are half-lidded, pupils blown.

Billy crowds up in his space, gripping him by the thighs and lifts him up. Their mouths slot together seamlessly, teeth clicking together occasionally and tongues swiping across one another in a fight for dominance. Steve gives in to him quickly, slouching in his arms as he moans, something obscene and filthy that just serves to make Billy bite harder, hard enough that it's just shy of drawing blood.

When he withdraws, he pants, "Bedroom," nodding ardently, so Billy carries him up the stairs, almost tripping over his own feet when Steve takes it upon himself to suck at the skin where his shoulder meets his neck. He nods to the right door and Billy doesn't even acknowledge the room, throwing Steve down on the bed and climbing over him. The curtains haven't been drawn and light floods in through the window from the streetlamp outside, casting the bed and the two of them in a yellow light. With the way Steve is writhing on the bed, all pale skin and arched back as Billy wraps a hand around his cock, lips parted, eyelashes thick and dark as his eyes flutter closed, it may as well be gold.

Steve curls into his hand, drawing his legs up as Billy watches the pleasure

rush through him, settling in his eyes and resting on his tongue that flicks out to wet his lip every few seconds. He smirks at the noise Steve lets out when he lets him go, cock slapping back against his abdomen. He's coherent enough to wave a hand toward the bedside drawer though. Billy finds the lube, hidden underneath a couple wrinkled dollars, a can of Farrah Fawcett spray that he can't help but snort at under his breath and a few crumpled pages of schoolwork.

When he stands at the foot of the bed, lube in hand, Steve looks at him through his eyelashes from where he's lying on his back, arms at his side and knees pressed tightly together. At Billy's raised eyebrow, he parts them slowly, unsurely. His eyes dart up to the ceiling and his face flushes red.

Billy kneels between his legs, one hand rubbing at his thigh whilst the other flicks open the cap of the bottle. He works quickly to slick up his fingers. He imagines that if it would take any longer than necessary, Steve would start looking for excuses to back out, to say maybe they shouldn't do this. He's so quick that Steve jolts bodily in surprise when he presses a single finger between his legs and pushes forward gently, not breaching, just gauging the reaction. He rubs a tight little circle with his fingertip against the soft skin there, and Steve relaxes almost instantly, drawing in a deep breath.

He works a finger in, massaging Steve with the pad of his finger from the inside. The noise that it rips from Steve is more than worth the time it takes for him to easily take two of Billy's fingers.

"Billy," his voice is breathy, wrecked and God, Billy could probably come just from the sound.

Billy's eager by the time he's got three fingers inside of him and it's clear Steve is too. His chest heaves with every breath as his hands twist into the sheets, throwing his head back with his eyes shut, baring the rosy stretch of skin at his throat for Billy to lean up and bite. He reaches for the lube and slicks his cock generously. Steve watches him with hooded eyes, pupils blown as he positions himself between Steve's legs again.

"Billy," he murmurs again. "Billy." There's something anxious in his wide eyes despite the clear haze of want there too.

He shushes him softly, hands stroking down his sides, along his thighs. "So

pretty,” he sighs back in return.

Steve visibly melts into the mattress, mouth falling open with a lewd moan when Billy presses forward. His hips snap into Steve’s of their accord. Steve makes a choked-off, pained sound but when Billy watches his face, scouring it for any hesitation, anything that would tell Billy he wanted to stop, all he can find is ecstasy, the bliss of getting caught up in a rose-tinted daze.

He groans, leans forward and buries his face in the curve of Steve’s collarbone, the hollow of his throat, laving his tongue along any skin he can reach and leaving little trails of spit that glitter as he catches the light, writhing against Billy.

Steve’s hand wraps in his hair, fingers tangling in the strands as he pulls distractedly. He cries out these little desperate whines into Billy’s ear, tongue darting out to impulsively lick a stripe along his jaw, whimpering as Billy grinds his hips down harder in response, groaning.

“God, you’re gonna be the fucking death of me, Harrington,” he almost growls, flashing white teeth that he pulls on Steve’s earlobe with before driving into him brutally, borderline violent.

Steve’s cries only spur him on, blunt nails raking down his biceps and it hits him all too suddenly that he’s gonna come. When he glances down at Steve’s face, twisted in the sting and satisfaction Billy knows he has to be feeling, he can see it there too, that Steve’s just as close as he is.

He grips Steve’s cock, hot and swollen and trapped between his and Billy’s abdomen, hand enveloping it in the warmth of his fingers and the calluses of his palm. He thumbs the head, smearing the slick that’s beaded at the slit and Steve’s gone, arching his back and pressing himself against Billy like he never wants to get away. The noises that escape him are high-pitched, seraphic, and they set Billy off like a goddamned fourteen year old.

When he shuts his eyes against the onslaught, fucking Steve through his orgasm as he chases his own, it’s something psychedelic. Colours flit behind his eyelids and burst in flaring spasms of light, almost kaleidoscopic. It’s a high that doesn’t even leave an aftertaste on his tongue. It doesn’t draw blood to get into his system. All he can taste is Steve, and he wants it to linger there on his tongue for years, to stay

behind his eyelids forever 'cause it's as close to Heaven as Billy figures he's ever gonna be allowed to get.

~

Steve's sat on the sofa, staring at the TV but not really watching it, just keeping his eyes locked on the screen so he doesn't have to look at Billy sat on the floor in front of the other sofa across the living room, eyes red. His cheek is slowly blackening and there are little finger-shaped bruises around his neck that are slowly starting to gain colour. His lip has swollen a little and there is half-dried blood all over his face and hands. There're vivid smudges of it on his sleeves and collar from where he'd tried to wipe some of it away.

Billy looks at the TV too after a while so he doesn't have to see how fucking *exhausted* Steve looks.

God, he hadn't meant to. He hadn't meant to hit him. Christ. Steve had looked at him like he'd grown a second head, like he'd confessed his love for Satan, like- like Billy had yelled in his face and hit him, *hurt him*. Because he had.

He'd looked at him like how Billy looks at his father.

When had he become this person? When had he become *Hargrove* again? To *Steve* of all people. Steve, who Billy was supposed to love like he'd said he did; who Billy had stayed in bed beside last night, realising belatedly how much he needed him to stay until he could live without him again. Steve, who had become so much more than *Harrington* whilst Billy had simply stayed the same: eager to get drunk given the opportunity, smoked too much, all clenched fists and bared teeth. He wanted to be better – wanted it more than he'd wanted to hurt Steve just five minutes ago, craving the violence; more than he wanted to fix everything with Max; more than he wanted to drive back to California and forget everything, drown it all in the ocean and bury it in the sand.

Steve gets up after a few more minutes and heads into the kitchen

somewhat unsteadily, as if he's gonna fall over. Billy hears him at the sink, spitting the blood that he'd been keeping in his mouth, refusing to swallow.

Billy hears the snuffle, the sharp inhale, the shallow breaths. It takes him too long to realise the tears are dripping down *his* face. He buries his head in his hands, resting his elbows on his knees as he brings his legs to his chest, giving in to it.

"I'm sorry," He mumbles after Steve's footsteps grow louder and stop just in front of Billy. "I'm really fucking sorry."

He doesn't need to look up to see how Steve sits down beside him on the floor with a sigh. "I know."

The hand that settles on his arm then is cold and tacky with half-dried blood.

And all Billy can think of as Harrington leans into him, soft and pliant, is the way Steve had looked at him just that morning, something scarily close to adoration in his eyes. *God*, it had terrified Billy.

He presses his mouth against Steve's hair absently, tight-lipped, mouth drawn in a hard line.

"Gotta make sure you don't drown, pretty boy," he breathes almost incoherently into Steve's hair before he forces himself to stand.

Steve's making to get up himself but he winces, falters, can't get to his feet fast enough as he calls after him, alarmed and confused.

He makes sure that he doesn't look over his shoulder when he heads straight out the door. He knows that if he had, he wouldn't have been able to leave.